

THE
DEFENDERS

MARVEL COMICS GROUP

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25¢ 14
JUNE
1972

THE DEFENDERS

**DAREDEVIL! POWER MAN!
THE SON OF SATAN!**
5 FEARFUL DEFENDERS AND
3 STARTLING GUEST STARS VS.
THE SONS OF THE SERPENT!

WHAT
MORE
COULD A
MARVELITE
ASK
FOR?



Stan Lee
PRESENTS: **THE DYNAMIC DEFENDERS™**

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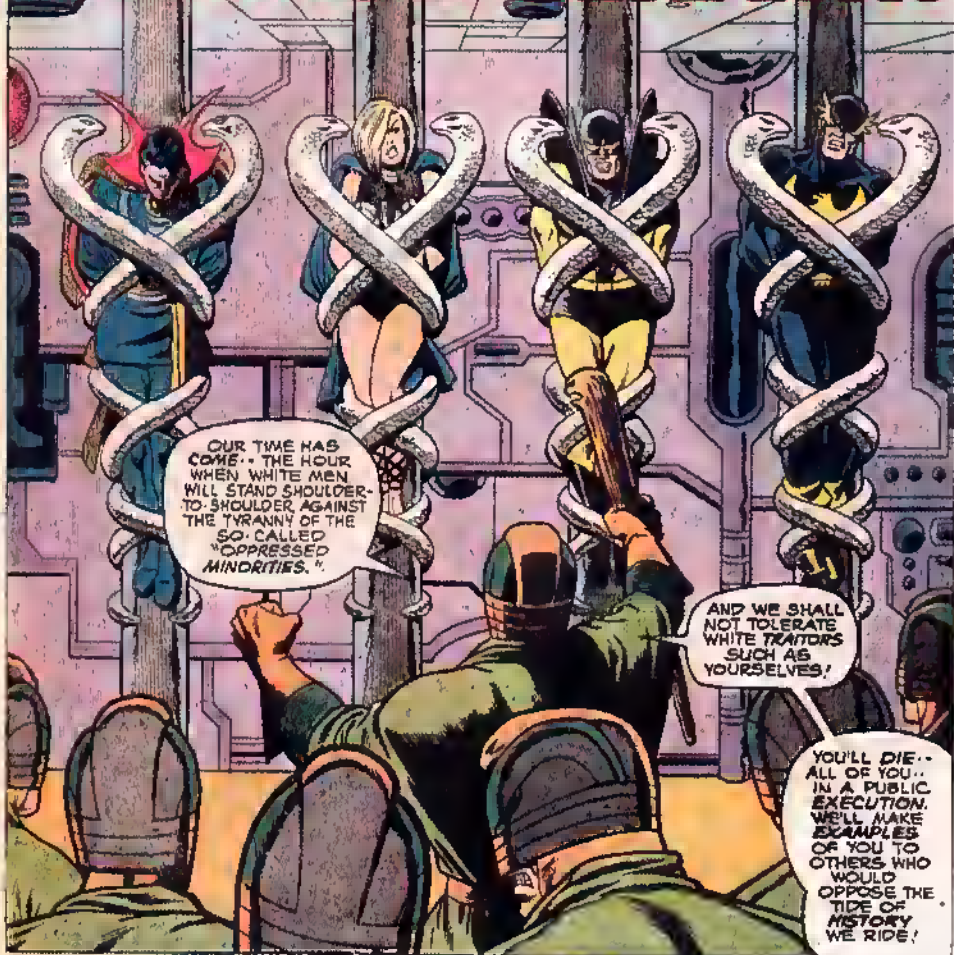
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IT BEGAN WITH THE RESCUE OF A YOUNG WOMAN AND HER INFANT DAUGHTER FROM A RAT INFESTED TENEMENT. MERE HOURS LATER, THAT BUILDING WAS REDUCED TO ASHEN RUBBLE BY THE SHASTER SONS OF THE SERPENT. THAT WAS THE DEFENDERS' FIRST MEETING WITH THIS ARMY SWORN TO DRIVE THE UNFIT, THE FOREIGN-BORN, THE INFERIOR, FROM AMERICA'S SHORES. THEIR SECOND CONFRONTATION CAME AFTER THE SERPENT-SPAWN FIRE-BOMBED LOWER MANHATTAN. HALF THAT AREA NOW LIES IN SMOLDERING RUIN. WHILE DR. STRANGE, VALKYRIE, YELLOWJACKET, AND NIGHTHAWK ARE HELD CAPTIVE...

--IN THE JAWS OF THE SERPENT!



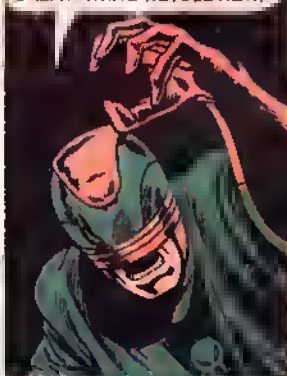
OUR TIME HAS COME... THE HOUR WHEN WHITE MEN WILL STAND SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER AGAINST THE TYRANNY OF THE SO-CALLED "OPPRESSED MINORITIES."

AND WE SHALL NOT TOLERATE WHITE TRAITORS SUCH AS YOURSELVES!

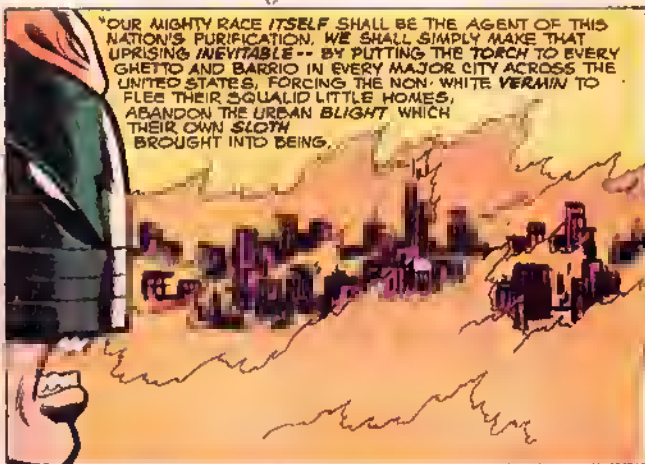
YOU'LL DIE... ALL OF YOU... IN A PUBLIC EXECUTION. WE'LL MAKE EXAMPLES OF YOU TO OTHERS WHO WOULD OPPOSE THE TIDE OF HISTORY WE RIDE!

THE DEFENDERS™ published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022.
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OH, YES -- HISTORY: FOR IN THE END, WE SONS OF THE SERPENT WILL HAVE BEEN BUT THE CATALYSTS OF THE GREAT WHITE REVOLUTION.



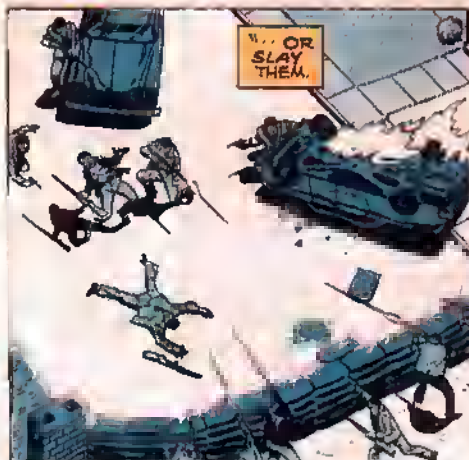
"OUR MIGHTY RACE ITSELF SHALL BE THE AGENT OF THIS NATION'S PURIFICATION. WE SHALL SIMPLY MAKE THAT UPRISING INEVITABLE -- BY PUTTING THE TORCH TO EVERY GHETTO AND BARRIO IN EVERY MAJOR CITY ACROSS THE UNITED STATES, FORCING THE NON-WHITE VERMIN TO FLEE THEIR SQUALID LITTLE HOMES, ABANDON THE URBAN BLIGHT WHICH THEIR OWN SLOTH BROUGHT INTO BEING.



"WE SHALL CREATE A NATION OF REFUGEE-POOR WITHIN THE UNITED STATES. HOMELESS, PENNILESS, THEY WILL TROOP OUT OF THE CITIES IN SEEMINGLY ENDLESS BLACK, BROWN, AND YELLOW-SKINNED COLUMNS, SLOUCHING TOWARD THE ONLY POSSIBLE SHELTER: THE SUBURBS, WHERE WHITE MEN HERDED THEIR FAMILIES DECADES AGO TO ESCAPE THESE VERY ANIMALS.



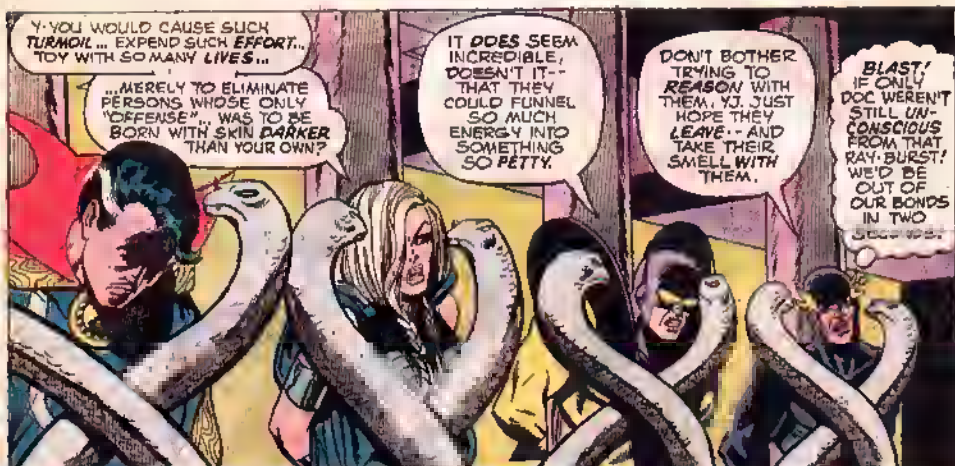
"THE WHITES WILL HAVE A CHOICE, THEN: ACCEPT THE REFUGEES INTO THEIR HOMES --



"... OR SLAY THEM.

"FOR A TIME, THE SUBURBS WILL BE A BATTLEGROUND. MANY PEOPLE WILL DIE ALONG WITH THE SCUM -- BUT THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE OUTCOME. WE HAVE THE NUMBERS, AFTER ALL."





VALKYRIE CANNOT HELP BUT SMIRK AT THAT REMARK, BUT SHE OFFERS NO REBUTTAL, SAVE WITH HER FISTS.



THE WARRIOR-WOMAN HAS TAKEN NIGHTHAWK'S ADVICE TO HEART: THE SERPENTS BELIEVE WHAT THEY BELIEVE BECAUSE THEY BELIEVE IT, TO ARGUE WOULD BE FUTILE-- AND FAR LESS SATISFYING THAN THE COURSE SHE HAS CHOSEN ALREADY.



SO SHE SIMPLY HAMMERS AWAY AT THEM, DODGING THEIR GUN BLASTS, TOSSING THEM THIS WAY AND THAT, UNTIL...



... ONE OF THE HORDE LOSES A HEADPIECE, AND VAL SEES, TO HER ALARM...



BUT I AM FORBIDDEN TO HARM ANOTHER WOMAN--THE ENCHANTRESS' MAGIC--

VAL-- LOOK OUT-- BEHIND YOU--!

BUT NIGHTHAWK'S SHOUT COMES TOO LATE.



HER ONE INSTANT'S HESITATION PROVES VAL'S UNDOING, WHILE SHE STANDS PARALYZED, UNABLE TO ACT-- ANOTHER FOE STRIKES!



FINE BY ME, THE SOONER THE BETTER. I DON'T WANNA TANGLE WITH THIS LITTLE HELICAT AGAIN IN A MILLION YEARS!

NOW AREN'T YOU GLAD OUR CHARTER WAS AMENDED--TO ADMIT DAUGHTERS OF THE SERPENT, AS WELL?

Aah, SHUDDUP!



CUT: TO THE GREENWICH VILLAGE SANCTUM OF DR. STRANGE, WHERE A HESGARD BRUCE BANNER, HAS MADE HIS WAY BACK FROM THE RUINS OF LOWER MANHATTAN.

...DETAILS ARE STILL... FUZZY... BUT I'M CERTAIN THE DEFENDERS WERE CAPTURED...



...WHILE I-- THE HULK, I MEAN-- WAS STUNNED SENSELESS.

IS THIS GUY TRYING TO SAY HE IS THE HULK? I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT! AND I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY WIFE! WHERE IS SHE?

WHERE IS BARBARA-- THE WOMAN YOU PEOPLE CALL "VALKYRIE"?



SHE'S WITH THE OTHERS, MR. NORRIS-- AND IN GRAVE DANGER, AS ARE THEY.

AND CLEA-- I'LL NEED YOUR HELP IF WE'RE TO SAVE THEM.

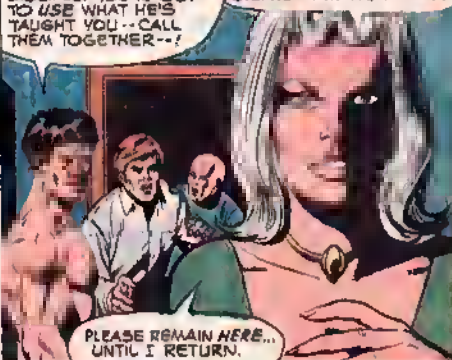
MY--? I DON'T--

CLEA, THERE'VE BEEN OTHERS WHO'VE WORKED WITH THE DEFENDERS ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS: THE SILVER SURFER, DAREDEVIL, POWER MAN, DAIMON HELLSTROM, SUB-MARINER, HAWKEYE...



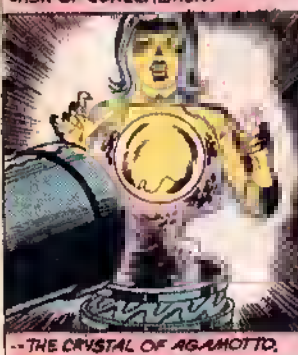
DR. STRANGE HAD THE MYSTIC MEANS TO SUMMON THEM, CLEA-- AND YOU ARE STRANGE'S DISCIPLE. YOU'VE GOT TO USE WHAT HE'S TAUGHT YOU--CALL THEM TOGETHER--!

I'VE NOT ATTEMPTED SUCH COMMUNICATIONS BEFORE, DR. BANNER... BUT I SHALL TRY... IF IT WILL HELP SAVE STEPHEN AND HIS ALLIES.



PLEASE REMAIN HERE... UNTIL I RETURN.

TREMBLING, CLEA ASCENDS THE STAIRS TO THE SANCTUM'S THIRD STORY... ENTERS A SMALL, DARK ROOM... CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HER... AND CALLS FORTH FROM ITS CASK OF CONCEALMENT--

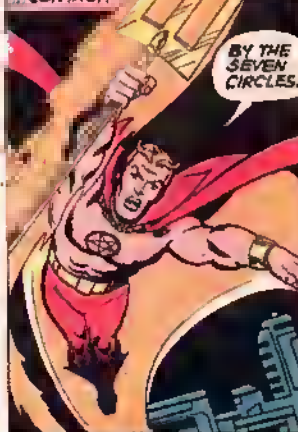


--THE CRYSTAL OF AGAMOTTO.

CONCENTRATION, PROJECTION, THOUGHTS THRU SPACE. HER MIND MUST REACH OUT. FARTHER... FARTHER... CLOSER...

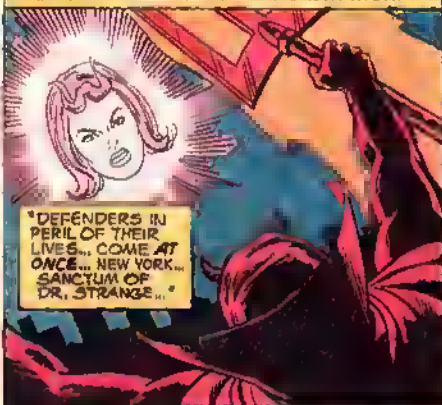


...CONTACT!

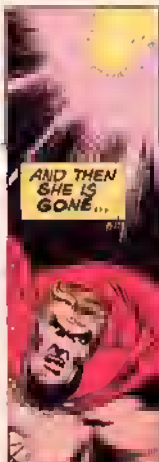


BY THE SEVEN CIRCLES!

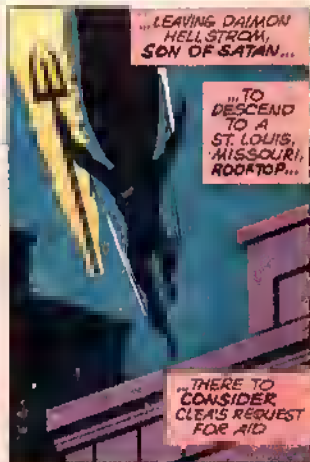
HER MESSAGE IS TERSE AND DELIVERED WITH THE SWIFTHNESS OF THOUGHT-- FOR SHE CANNOT LONG MAINTAIN THIS DEGREE OF CONCENTRATION.



"DEFENDERS IN PERIL OF THEIR LIVES... COME AT ONCE... NEW YORK... SANCTUM OF DR. STRANGE..."



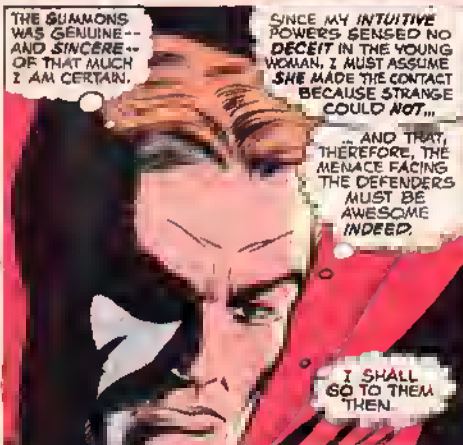
AND THEN SHE IS GONE...



...LEAVING DAIMON HELLSTROM, SON OF SATAN...

"TO DESCEND TO A ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, ROOFTOP..."

"THERE TO CONSIDER CLEA'S REQUEST FOR AID"

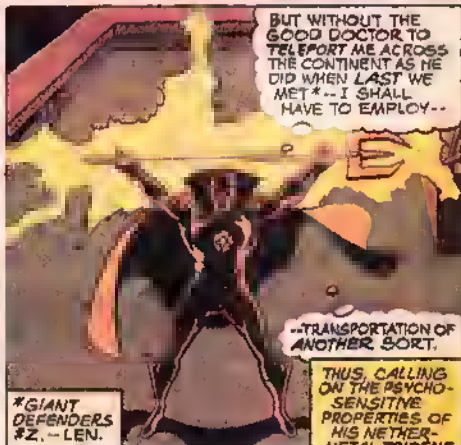


THE SUMMONS WAS GENUINE-- AND SINCERE-- OF THAT MUCH I AM CERTAIN.

SINCE MY INTUITIVE POWERS SENSED NO DECEIT IN THE YOUNG WOMAN, I MUST ASSUME SHE MADE THE CONTACT BECAUSE STRANGE COULD NOT...

... AND THAT, THEREFORE, THE MENACE FACING THE DEFENDERS MUST BE AWESOME INDEED.

I SHALL GO TO THEM THEN.



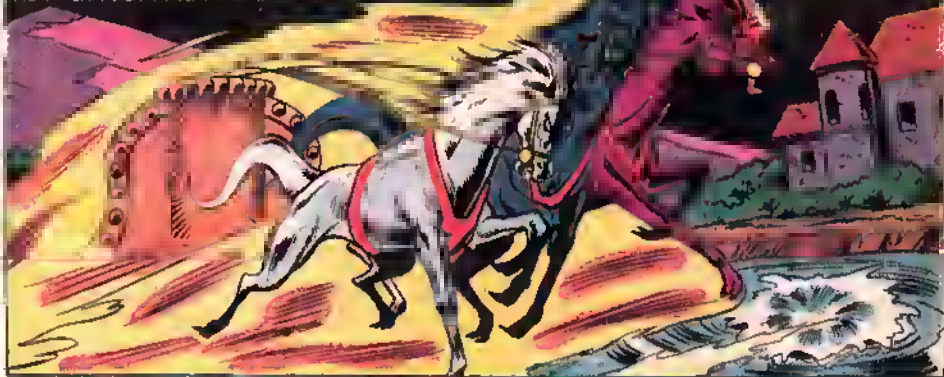
BUT WITHOUT THE GOOD DOCTOR TO TELEPORT ME ACROSS THE CONTINENT AS HE DID WHEN LAST WE MET *-- I SHALL HAVE TO EMPLOY--

--TRANSPORTATION OF ANOTHER SORT.

*GIANT DEFENDERS #2. --LEN.

THUS, CALLING ON THE PSYCHO-SENSITIVE PROPERTIES OF HIS NETHER-METAL TRIDENT, DAIMON SENDS FORTH A MESSAGE OF HIS OWN.

"HECATE-- SET-- AMON! TO YOUR MASTER!" DAIMON CRIES, AND FROM BENEATH THE WATERS OF FIRE LAKE NEAR HIS HOME IN MASSACHUSETTS, HIS DEMON STEEDS RISE INTO THE COLD NIGHT SKY, DRAWING HIS FIERY CHARIOT AFTER THEM.



JAMES BOND IS BACK IN DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU #12!

WHILE ATOP ANOTHER ROOFTOP, THIS ONE SNACK IN THE CORE OF THE BIG APPLE, A CERTAIN MAN WITHOUT FEAR SURVEYS THE DEVASTATION IN THE STREETS BELOW.

POLICE AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS SEEM TO HAVE THE RESCUE OPERATIONS UNDER CONTROL.

BUT THE SERPENTS THEMSELVES HAVE VANISHED SLITHERED BACK INTO HIDING. IF ONLY I'D ARRIVED EARLIER...!

SUDDENLY--

DAREDEVIL--?

HUH?! WHO--?

A WOMAN'S VOICE-- AS CLEAR AS IF SHE WERE STANDING RIGHT NEXT TO ME.

AND YET-- ACCORDING TO MY RADAR SENSE-- THERE'S NO ONE THERE-- NOTHING-- JUST A VOICE, FLOATING TWELVE STORIES ABOVE THE GROUND!

DEFENDERS IN PERIL OF THEIR LIVES... COME AT ONCE...

...SANCTUM OF DR. STRANGE... GREENWICH VILLAGE...

NOW EVEN THE VOICE IS GONE!

I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED IF BEING BLIND EXCLUDED ME FROM SEEING VISIONS.

NOW I KNOW. NOBODY'S IMMUNE.

THIS COULD BE A HOAX-- THERE COULDN'T BE SOME SORT OF PROJECTED IMAGE ALONG WITH THE VOICE THAT I WAS SUPPOSED TO SEE. I COULDN'T HEAR THE WOMAN'S HEARTBEAT-- NO WAY TO JUDGE WHETHER SHE WAS LYING. NONE OF MY HYPER-SENSES CAN TELL ME WHAT TO DO.

I'M STUCK WITH FOLLOWING MY INSTINCTS.

AND SINCE NONE OF MY ENEMIES KNOW OF THE DEFENDERS' EXISTENCE AS A TEAM-- MUCH LESS THAT WE'VE WORKED TOGETHER-- MY INSTINCTS SAY--

--"FORGE AHEAD, FEARLESS-- AND HOPE YOU DON'T GET KILLED."

"GIANT DEFENDERS #3...L"

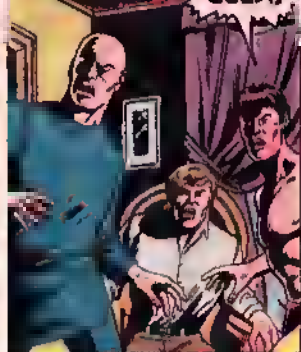
CLEA, TOO, ATTEMPTS TO PRESS ON WITH HER TASK. BUT EVEN AS HER THOUGHTS PROBE SEAWARD TOWARD ATLANTIS, HER FINGER-TIPS QUIVER, HER EYELIDS DROOP, A MULTITUDED WAVE WASHES OVER HER BRAIN...



AND SHE DROPS TO THE FLOOR.

CLUNT

CLEA!



WHAT COULD'VE HAPPENED WONG? THERE WASN'T ANYTHING DANGEROUS IN CONTACTING THOSE OTHER DEFENDERS -- WAS THERE?



THERE IS DANGER IN ANY MYSTIC ENDEAVOR. DR. BANNER

SHORTLY, IN THAT UPSTAIRS CHAMBER...

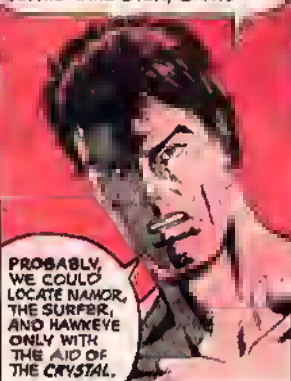
CLEA, FORGIVE ME. I HAD NO IDEA...

IT'S NOTHING... I MERELY OVERTAXED MYSELF... I'LL BE FINE... IN A MOMENT.

I WAS ABLE ONLY TO CONTACT DARE-DEVIL AND DAIMON HELLSTROM... I'M SORRY...



DON'T APOLOGIZE. YOU DID YOUR BEST. THAT'S ALL ANYONE COULD POSSIBLY ASK. JUST RELAX NOW. LET ME TAKE OVER, OKAY?



PROBABLY, WE COULD LOCATE NAMOR, THE SURFER, AND HAWKEYE ONLY WITH THE AID OF THE CRYSTAL.

BUT THERE'S ONE MORE POTENTIAL ALLY WHOM WE CAN REACH BY SLIGHTLY MORE PROSAIC MEANS.



IF I CAN GET THRU TO "DIRECTORY ASSISTANCE," THAT IS.

HE DOES -- EVENTUALLY. AND EVEN MORE REMARKABLY, HE MAKES HIS CONNECTION THE FIRST TIME HE DIALS.



YEAH, YEAH -- THIS'S CAGE, BUT MAN, I'M --

BRUCE WHOOP NO, MAN, I AIN'T NEVER HEARD O' --

OH, UM, HUH, OKAY -- THE HULK -- AN' I'M GEORGE WALLACE! LOOK, MAN, I AIN'T IN NO MOOD FOR JIVIN' --

AN' I AIN'T TAKIN' ON NO CASES TONIGHT, NEITHER. IN CASE YOU AIN'T HEARD, THE SONS O' THE SERPENT ARE --

HUH? THAT'S WHY YOU CALLED? NOW, HOLD ON --



HE SCRIBBLES DOWN AN ADDRESS, DEPARTS HIS SHABBY 42ND STREET OFFICE, BOARDS THE SEVENTH AVENUE I.R.T., AND AFTER A TYPICALLY CACOPHONOUS RIDE, LUKE CAGE... EMERGES ON THE STREETS OF GREENWICH VILLAGE.



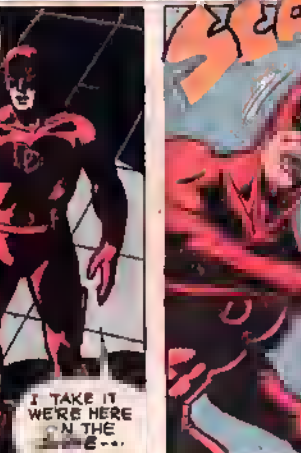
I DUNNO... HE CAME ON MIGHTY CONVINCIN' ONCE HE GOT ROLLIN'. AN' SINCE I DIDN'T HAVE NO PLAN O' MY OWN FOR DEALIN' WITH--



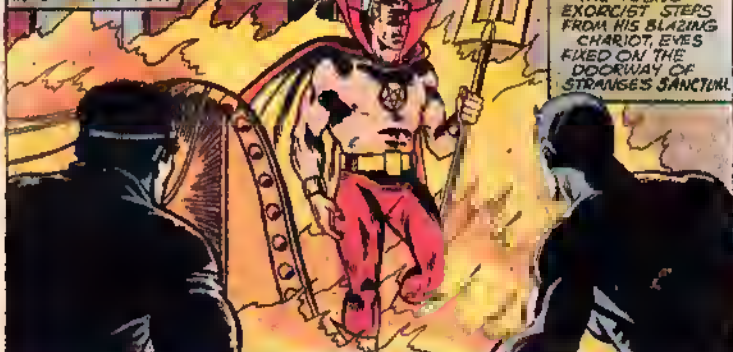
THIS FELLOW'S STREET SENSE IS AS KEENLY HONED AS MY RADAR SENSE.



DEPENDS. IF YOU'RE SPENDIN' MONEY, IT'S POWER MAN... HERO FOR HIRE. OTHERWISE, CAG'LL DO-- LUKE CAGE.



STUNNED, SPEECHLESS, D.P. AND CAGE CAPE AT THE EQUALLY SILENT, GRIM-VISAGED ENVISSARY OF HELL WHO HAS DESCENDED... INTO THEIR MIST.



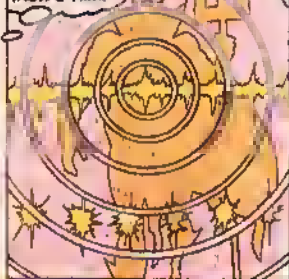
SLOWLY, WITH A CHILLING CALM THAT BELIES HIS FIERY PRESENCE, THE YOUNG EXORCIST STEPS FROM HIS BLAZING CHARIOT, EYES FIXED ON THE DOORWAY OF STRANGE'S SANCTUM.

MAYBE MY RADAR SENSE HAS "SHORT-CIRCUITED" WITH THAT FORK HE'S TOTTING... HE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE... NO, IT CAN'T BE! THAT'S INSANE!



BUT EVEN IF HE ISN'T HIM, EVEN IF HE'S HUMAN, I DISTINCTLY HEAR--

--TWO HEARTBEATS? AS THOUGH THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE-- ANOTHER BEING-- SUPPRESSED INSIDE HIM!



THERE IS: THE SON OF SATAN'S DEMONIC SECOND SELF, THE RAGING, WILDLY VIOLENT BEAST WITHIN, WHICH HE MUST FOREVER FIGHT TO HOLD IN CHECK.

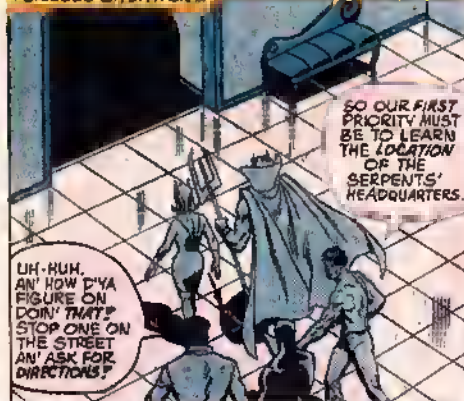
HE DOES NOT UTTER A SOUND... NOR MAKE ANY GESTURE... BUT DAREDEVIL AND CAGE STEP ASIDE, ALLOW HIM TO PASS, AND HIS IS THE FINGER WHICH FINALLY RINGS THE DOORBELL.



THEY'RE HERE... ALL OF THEM! VISHANTI BE PRAISED!

COME IN, PLEASE, DOCTOR BANNER WILL EXPLAIN...

AND WHEN INTRODUCTIONS HAVE BEEN MADE, AND THE THREE NEW ARRIVALS BRIEFED ON THE DEFENDERS' PERILOUS SITUATION--



UH-HUH, AN' HOW D'YA FIGURE ON DORY THAT? STOP ONE ON THE STREET AN' ASK FOR DIRECTIONS?

SO OUR FIRST PRIORITY MUST BE TO LEARN THE LOCATION OF THE SERPENTS' HEADQUARTERS.

NOT NECESSARILY, MR. CAGE. YOU SEE, YELLOWJACKET CAPTURED ONE OF THEIR NUMBER EARLIER TONIGHT... AND HE IS STILL OUR PRISONER--



--HELD IMMOBILE UNDER STEPHEN'S-- DR. STRANGE'S-- SPELL.

*LAST ISSUE, TO US, --LEN.

AND, IRONICALLY PERHAPS, THE CAPTIVE SERPENT'S CONDITION IS NOT SO VERY DIFFERENT-- IN EFFECT, IF NOT CAUSE--FROM THAT OF THE MYSTIC MASTER HIMSELF.

DOC... DOC! NO USE, HE'S STILL OUT COLD.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, YOU AND VAL BOTH TOOK THE SAME RAY-BLAST HE DID, YET BOTH OF YOU RECOVERED--

MY STRENGTH IS DOUBLED AT NIGHT-- AND YOU SAW HOW POWERFUL VAL IS--FOR ALL THE GOOD IT DID HER.

DESPITE ALL HIS MAGIC TRICKS, DOCS STILL ONLY HUMAN, PHYSICALLY... LIKE YOU.

BEFORE YOU ABANDON HOPE FOR US "ONLY-HUMANS", NIGHTHAWK-- WATCH. THE PAIN IN MY ANKLE * MAY HAVE SUBSIDED ENOUGH BY NOW-- THAT I CAN FOCUS MY CONCENTRATION--

--ACTIVATE THE CYBERNETIC CIRCUITRY-- IN MY COWL--

*SPRAINED LAST ISSUE... LEN.

--AND SHRINK TO INSECT-SIZE!

BUT I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD DO THAT!

AND I WASN'T ABOUT TO TELL YOU WITH THE SERPENTS STILL SWARMING ALL OVER THE PLACE!

APPARENTLY, THEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT, EITHER--

--AND I DIDN'T WANT TO SPOIL THE SURPRISE!

THERE! NOW THAT I'VE REGAINED MY "ONLY-HUMAN" STATURE--

...LET'S SEE IF THESE COILS ARE ANY EASIER TO UNRAVEL FROM THIS SIDE.

OKAY, OKAY-- YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT. I'M A QUICK LEARNER I APOLOGIZE. NOW PULL WHILE I PUSH, AND MAYBE--

IT'S NO GOOD, THEY WON'T BUDGE.

THERE'S NO ALTER-NATIVE, KYLE. IF I CAN'T HELP YOU--

--I'VE GOT TO TRY TO ESCAPE... FIND OUT WHERE THEY'VE TAKEN VAL... MAYBE LOCATE THE HULK... IF I GET THAT FAR.

WISH ME LUCK, HUH?



LUCK, BUT HURRY
BACK, WILL YA?
IT'S GETTING
LOVELIER AND
LOVELIER
IN HERE

OH, PIPE
DOWN! YOU
SOUND LIKE
THE
SPOILED
RICH BRAT
YOU ARE.



ODD... THAT THEY
DIDN'T LEAVE A
GUARD OR TWO
BEHIND TO KEEP
AN EYE ON US.
WERE THEY SO
CONFIDENT...?

NO, I CAN'T
BELIEVE
THAT.

THEY'VE BEEN
TOO CLEVER, TOO
WELL-ORGANIZED
TO MAKE SO
OBVIOUS A
BLUNDER. THERE
MUST BE A
REASON THEY
FELT THEY
NEEDED NO
PRECAUTIONS.



AND AS YELLOWJACKET ROUNDS
A CORNER OF THE GRAY
METAL CORRIDOR, HE DISCOVERS
THE REASON... HIS EYES WIDEN,
HIS JAW DROPS...



... AT THE SIGHT OF A
FOOT-THICK WINDOW
OF GLASS,
LOOKING OUT ON
THE FLOOR OF
THE ATLANTIC
OCEAN!!

THE CORRIDOR
ENDS HERE--
WITH NO WAY
OUT. THEY'VE
SEALED US
INSIDE OF THIS
STEEL PRISON
UNTIL THEY
RETURN!

NO! THERE HAS TO
BE AN EXIT-- A
SLIDING WALL--
SOMETHING! AND I'LL
KEEP SEARCHING 'TIL
I'VE FOUND IT!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM...

NEITHER I NOR CLEA IS MUCH
OF A HYPNOTIST, MR. HELL-
STROM, BUT PERHAPS YOU
CAN PERSUADE HIM TO TALK.

AIDED BY THE EN-
TRANCEMENT STRANGE
HAS ALREADY PLACED
UPON HIM... PERHAPS.



BE SILENT,
PLEASE, DR.
BANNER... AS
I FIX HIS
EYES UPON
MINE.

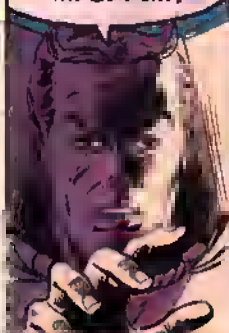


YOUR MIND...
IS MY MIND...
YOUR THOUGHTS,
MY THOUGHTS...
ANY WILL...
YOUR COMMAND...

N-NO... YOU...
I... WON'T...
WILL... YOUR
WILL... YES...
NO... YES...

... MY COMMAND...
YOU WILL...
I WILL...

GOOD, YOU MUST NOW REVEAL TO US THE LOCATION OF YOUR LEAGUE'S HEADQUARTERS... FOR I WILL YOU TO DO SO. ANSWER-- WHERE WILL WE FIND THE SONS OF THE SERPENT?



ANSWER... YES, I MUST... DO AS I AM TOLD... WE HAVE TWO PLACES... TWO SECRET BASES...

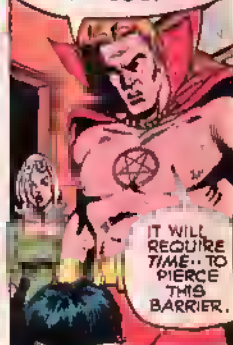


...BUT WHO'S ON FIRST? MARY HAD A LITTLE CAT, SHE THREW IT AWAY WHEN IT GOT FAT, SHE EATS NO LEAN, THE CLIPBOARD WAS FULL OF BEARS.



WHA-A-AT?!

IT WOULD SEEM, MR. CAGE, THAT THE SERPENTS FORESAW THIS EVENTUALITY -- AND PROGRAMMED THEIR MINIONS TO RESPOND IN THIS MANNER UNDER HYPNOSIS.



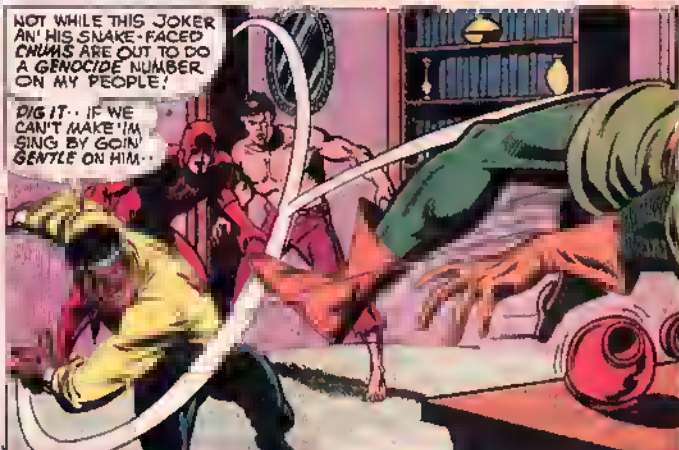
IT WILL REQUIRE TIME... TO PIERCE THIS BARRIER.

AN' TIME'S ONE THING WE AIN'T GOT, MY MAN!



NOT WHILE THIS JOKER AN' HIS SNAKE-FACED CHUMS ARE OUT TO DO A GENOCIDE NUMBER ON MY PEOPLE!

DIG IT-- IF WE CAN'T MAKE 'IM SING BY GOIN' GENTLE ON HIM--



--THERE'S A WHOLE LOTTA OTHER WAYS TO MAKE 'IM OPEN HIS MOUTH--AN' I KNOW MOST OF 'EM!



OKAY, MISTER CHARLIE-- NOW YOU LISTEN CLOSE! EITHER YOU START RAPPIN' LIKE YOUR LIFE DEPENDED ON IT-- WHICH IT DOES--

--OR YOU'RE GONNA HAVE FIVE BIG, BLACK, HAIRY KNUCKLES RAMMED RIGHT DOWN YOUR LILY-WHITE THROAT ALL THE WAY TO YOUR BELLY! YOU DIG?

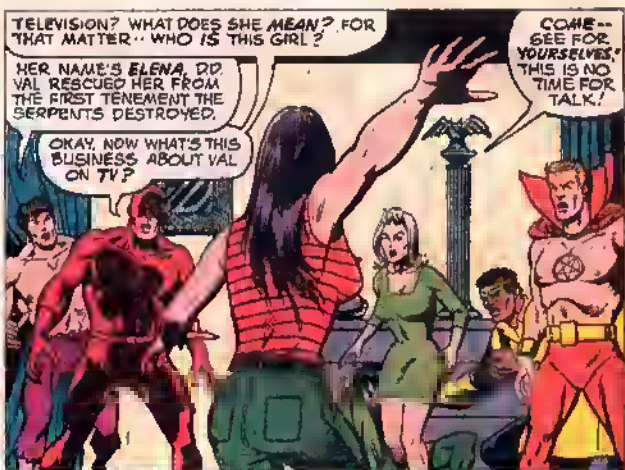


BUT BEFORE THE TERRIFIED SERPENT CAN SPEAK--



DR. BANNER--
CLEAR.. COME
QUICKLY! IT'S
VALKYRIE.. ON
TELEVISION!

THEY ARE
GOING TO
KILL HER!



TELEVISION? WHAT DOES SHE MEAN? FOR
THAT MATTER.. WHO IS THIS GIRL?

HER NAME'S ELENA, DR.
VAL RESCUED HER FROM
THE FIRST TENEMENT THE
SERPENTS DESTROYED.

OKAY, NOW WHAT'S THIS
BUSINESS ABOUT VAL
ON TV?

COME--
SEE FOR
YOURSELVES!
THIS IS NO
TIME FOR
TALK!



DR. BANNER WOULD LIKELY
UNDERSTAND THE TECHNICAL
ASPECTS OF IT, DAREDEVIL.
I DO NOT.

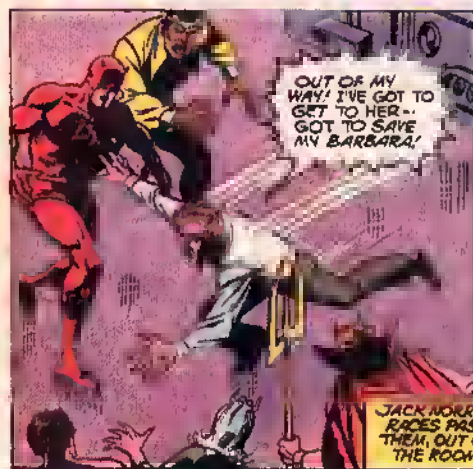
BUT EARLIER TONIGHT,
THE SERPENTS WERE
ABLE TO INTERRUPT
BROADCASTS NATION-
WIDE TO PRESENT
AN ADDRESS BY
THEIR LEADER.

AND NOW... THEY
WANT TO MAKE A
SPECTACLE... OF
MY WIFE'S
MURDER!



I TOLD HER NOT TO GO--
NOT TO TRUST YOU
COSTUMED MANIACS--
AND I WAS RIGHT!

YOU'VE LED
HER TO HER
DEATH!
LOOK AT
WHAT YOU'VE
DONE!



OUT OF MY
WAY! I'VE GOT TO
GET TO HER--
GOT TO SAVE
MY BARBARA!

JACK MORRIS
RACES PAST
THEM, OUT OF
THE ROOM...



AND ONLY THEN DO THE NEW DEFENDERS CATCH
THEIR FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE SCREEN.

EYES OF
OSHTUR!

BY THE
HADEAN
CHIMES!

GREAT SCOTT!

SWEET
SISTER!

FOR ALL THEIR FAULTS,
YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE
THEM THIS!

THE
SONS OF
THE
SERPENT DO
HAVE A
SENSE OF
DRAMA.

"THIS WHITE TRAITORESS SHALL DIE BY
FLAME ON AN INVERTED CROSS, THE SYMBOL
OF BLASPHEMY AND IGNOMINY," CRIES THE
SERPENT SUPREME. "LET HER DEATH BE
FAIR WARNING TO ALL OTHERS WHO WOULD
BETRAY THEIR HEREDITARY KINSMEN...
THAT THEIR FATES WILL BE THE SAME!"

MAYBE IT'S FORTUNATE I CAN'T
SEE THE TV SCREEN. THE OTHERS
SEEM ABOUT TO EXPLODE WITH
ANGER! CAGE -- BREATHING
HEAVILY, PULSE QUICKENING...
HELLSTROM'S SECOND HEARTBEAT
ALMOST AS HARD AS HIS FIRST...
AND BANNER... GOOD LORD!



"HE'S CHANGING...
GROWING IN
HEIGHT AND WEIGHT...
... HIS SHEER
EMOTIONAL
UPHEAVAL
IS TURNING
HIM INTO--



"--THE HULK!"

LET HULK
THROUGH!
SNAKE MEN
MUST NOT
HURT
GIRL!

GIRL IS
HULK'S
FRIEND!



THE JADE GIANT
BOUNCES OUT OF
THE ROOM, OUT
OF THE HOUSE,
ONTO THE STREET...

WITH HIS NEW PARTNERS-IN-
PERIL CLOSE AT HIS HEELS

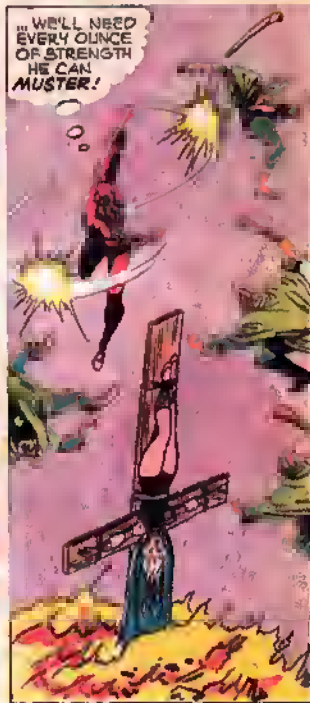
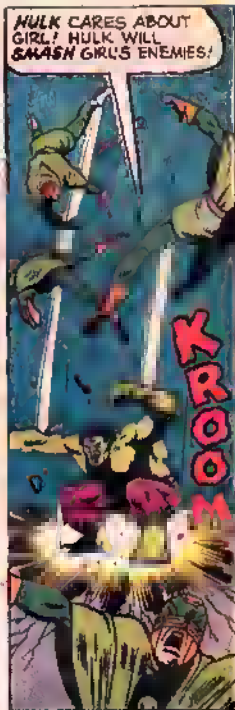
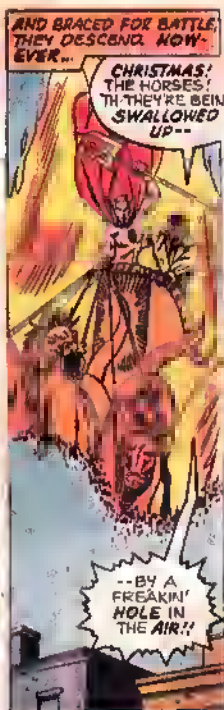
DO NOT WAIT IDLY FOR US TO
RETURN, CLEA. TURN YOUR
EFFORTS TO SEEKING OUT
DR. STRANGE.

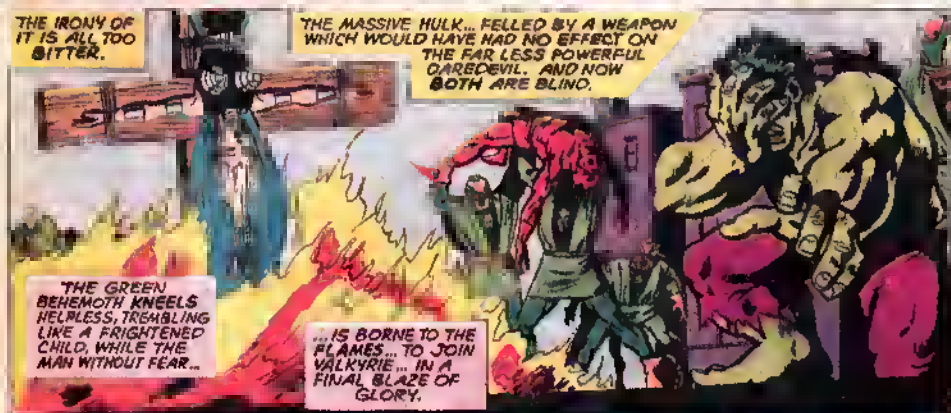
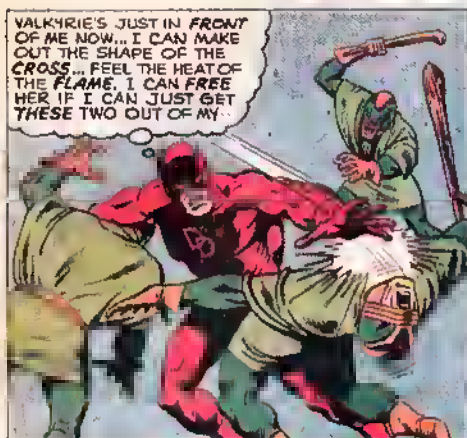
AND PRAY TO WHATEVER
DEITIES YOU AND HE
REVERE... THAT WE REACH
VALKYRIE IN TIME.

AN INSTANT LATER
THEY ARE GONE...
DAREDEVIL CARRIED
AWAY ON HIS BILLY
CLUB'S STEEL CABLE...

...THE HULK
CATAPULTED INTO
THE SKY BY THE
MIGHTIEST
LEG MUSCLES
ON EARTH...

...THE SON OF SATAN AT THE REINS OF HIS FIERY
CHARIOT... WITH A STILL-DISBELIEVING POWER MAN
HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE AS THE TEAM OF
HELLSPAWN PULLS IT ALOFT!





NEXT MORE MIND-BOGGLING REVELATIONS THAN YOU CAN SHAKE A SERPENT-STAVE AT... AND (HONEST) THE REAL, ABSOLUTE, NO NONSENSE CONCLUSION OF THIS EPIC TALE! BE HERE WITH DOC VAL, HULK, NIGHTHAWK, YJ, DD, DAIMON AND LUKE TO SEE...

...THE SERPENT UNCOILED!